



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

ter operation was quickly performed, while we fished along, catching a trout here and two or three there, and leaving them in crevices in the rocks to be picked up on our return. Embarking on the smooth water below, we made a quick run down to the falls. They were exceedingly picturesque; but what is a cataract after all, but a mere curiosity? They differed little from all the others we had seen before, and after a few minutes' stay we turned our boats' heads up stream again.

The Poetry of Architecture; or the Architecture of the Nations of Europe, considered in its Association with Natural Scenery and National Character. By JOHN RUSKIN.

No. 3.—THE VILLA.

1. THE ITALIAN VILLA.

(Concluded.)

WE do not think there is any truth in the aphorism now so frequently advanced in England, that the adaptation of shelter to the corporeal comfort of the human race, is the original and true end of the Art of architecture, properly so called; for, were such the case, he would be the most distinguished architect who was best acquainted with the various properties of cement, with the nature of stone, and the various durability of wood. That such knowledge is necessary to the perfect architect, we do not deny; but it is no more the end and purpose of his application, than a knowledge of the alphabet is the object of the refined scholar, or of rhythm of the inspired poet. For, supposing that we were for a moment to consider that we built a house merely to be lived in, and that the whole bent of our invention in raising the edifice, is to be directed to the provision of comfort for the life to be spent therein; supposing that we build it with the most perfect airiness and coolness of cellar, the most luxurious appurtenances of pantry; that we build our walls with the most compacted strength of material, the most studied economy of space; that we have not a chink in the floor for a breath of wind to pass through, not a hinge in the door which, by any possible exertion of the irritable muscles, could creak; that we elevate our chambers into exquisite coolness, furnish them with every ministry to luxury of rest, and finish them with every attention to the maintenance of general health as well as the prevention of present inconvenience; to do all this, we must be possessed of great knowledge and various skill; let this knowledge and skill be applied with the greatest energy, and what have they done? Exactly as much as brute animals could do by mere instinct; nothing more than bees and beavers, moles and magpies, ants and earwigs, do every day of their lives, without the slightest effort of reason: we have made ourselves superior as architects to the most degraded animation of the universe, only inasmuch as we have lavished the highest efforts of intellect, to do what they have done with the most limited sensations that can constitute life. The mere preparation of convenience, therefore, is not architecture in which men may take pride or ought to take delight; but the high and ennobling Art of architecture, is that of giving to buildings whose parts are deter-

mined by necessity, such forms and colors as shall delight the mind, by preparing it for the operations to which it is to be subjected in the building; and, thus, as it is altogether to the mind that the work of the architect is addressed, it is not as a part of his Art, but as a limitation of its extent, that he must be acquainted with the minor principles of the economy of domestic erections. For this reason, though we shall notice every class of edifice, it does not come within our proposed plan to enter into any consideration of the inferior buildings of each class, which afford no scope for the play of the imagination by their nature or size—but we shall, generally, select the most beautiful and perfect examples, as those in which alone the architect had the power of fulfilling the high purposes of his Art. In the villa, however, some exceptions must be made, inasmuch as it will be useful, and perhaps interesting, to arrive at some fixed conclusions respecting the modern buildings, improperly called villas, raised by moderate wealth and of limited size, in which the architect is compelled to produce his effect without extent or decoration. The principles which we have hitherto arrived at, deduced, as they are, from edifices of the noblest character, will be of little use to a country gentleman about to insinuate himself and his habitation into a quiet corner of our lovely country; and, therefore, we must glance at the more humble houses of the Italians, preparatory to the consideration of what will best suit our own less elevated country.

First, then, we lose the terraced approach, or, at least, its size and splendor, as these require great wealth to erect them and perpetual expense to preserve them. For the chain of terraces, we find substituted a simple garden, somewhat formally laid out; but redeemed from the charge of meanness by the nobility and size attained by most of its trees; the line of immense cypresses which generally surrounds it in front, and the luxuriance of the vegetation of its flowering shrubs. It has frequently a large entrance gate, well designed, but carelessly executed; sometimes singularly adorned with fragments of exquisite ancient sculpture regularly introduced, which the spectator partly laments as preserved in a mode so incongruous with their ancient meaning, and partly rejoices over as preserved at all. The grottoes of the superior garden are here replaced by light ranges of arched summer-houses designed in stucco, and occasionally adorned in their interior in fresco paintings of considerable brightness and beauty.

All this, however, has very little effect in introducing the eye to the villa, owing to the general want of inequality in the level of the ground, so that the main building becomes an independent feature, instead of forming the apex of a mass of various architecture. Consequently, the weight of form, which, in the former case, it might and even ought to possess, would here be cumbrous, ugly, and improper; and accordingly we find it got rid of. This is done, first, by the addition of the square tower, a feature which is not allowed to break in upon the symmetry of buildings of high architectural pretensions; but is immediately introduced whenever less richness of detail, or variety of approach, de-

mands or admits of irregularity of form. It is a constant and most important feature of Italian landscape: sometimes high, and apparently detached, as when it belongs to sacred edifices; sometimes low and strong, united with the mass of the fortress or varying the form of the villa. It is always simple in its design, flat-roofed, its corners being turned by very slightly projecting pilasters, which are carried up the whole length of the tower, whatever it may be, without any regard to proportion, terminating in two arches on each side, in the villa most frequently filled up, though the curve is still distinguished by darker tint and slight relief. Two black holes on each side, near the top, are very often the only entrances by which light or sun can penetrate. These are seldom actually large, always proportionably small, and destitute of ornament or relief. The forms of the villas to which these towers are attached are straggling and varied by many crossing masses; but the great simplicity is always kept in view, everything is square and terminated by parallel lines; no tall chimneys, no conical roofs, no fantastic ornaments, are ever admitted: the arch alone is allowed to relieve the stiffness of the general effect. This is introduced frequently, but not in the windows, which are either squares or double squares, at great distances from each other, set deeply into the walls, and only adorned with broad, flat borders. Where more light is required, they are set moderately close, and protected by an outer line of arches, deep enough to keep the noon-day sun from entering the rooms. These lines of arches cast soft shadows along the bright fronts, and are otherwise of great value. A familiar instance of the application of these arches, is the villa of Marcenás, at Tivoli, though it is improperly styled a villa, being pretty well known to have been nothing but stables.

The buttress is the only remaining point worthy of notice. It prevails, to a considerable extent, among the villas of the south, being always broad and tall, and occasionally so frequent as to give the building, viewed laterally, a pyramidal and cumbrous effect. The most usual form is that of a simple sloped mass, terminating in the wall, without the slightest finishing, and rising at an angle of about 84°. Sometimes, it is perpendicular, sloped at the top into the wall; but, it never has steps of increasing projection as it goes down. By observing the occurrence of these buttresses, an architect who knew nothing of geology might accurately determine the points of most energetic volcanic action in Italy; for their use is to protect the building from the injuries of earthquakes, the Italian having far too much good taste to use them, except in cases of extreme necessity. Thus, they are never found in north Italy, even in fortresses. They begin to occur among the Apennines south of Florence: they become more and more frequent and massy towards Rome; in the neighborhood of Naples they are huge and multitudinous, even the walls themselves being sometimes sloped; and the same state of things continues as we go south, on the coasts of Calabria and Sicily. Now, these buttresses present one of the most extraordinary and striking instances of the beauty of adaptation of style to locality and pecu-

liarity of circumstance, that can be met with in the whole range of architectural investigation. Taken in the abstract, they are utterly detestable, formal, clumsy, and apparently unnecessary. Their builder thinks so himself: he hates them as things to be looked at, though he erects them as things to be depended upon. He has no idea that there is any propriety in their presence, though he knows perfectly well that there is a great deal of necessity; and, therefore, he builds them. Where? On rocks, whose sides are one mass of buttresses, of precisely the same form; on rocks which are cut and cloven by basalt and lava dykes of every size, and which, being themselves secondary, wear away gradually by exposure to the atmosphere, leaving the intersecting dykes standing out in solid and vertical walls from the faces of their precipices. The eye passes over heaps of scoria and sloping banks of ashes, over the huge ruins of more ancient masses, till it trembles for the fate of the crags still standing round, but it finds them ribbed with basalt like bones, buttressed with a thousand lava walls propped upon pedestals and pyramids of iron, which the pant and the pulse of the earthquake itself can scarcely move, for they are its own work; it climbs up to their summits, and there it finds the work of man; but it is no puny domicile, no egg-shell imagination—it is a continuation of the mountain itself, inclined at the same slope, ribbed in the same manner, protected by the same means against danger; not, indeed, filling the eye with delight, but which is of more importance, freeing it from fear, and beautifully corresponding with the prevalent lines around it, which a less massive form would have rendered in some cases, particularly about Etna, even ghastly. Even in the lovely and luxuriant views from Capo di Monte, and the heights to the east of Naples, the spectator looks over a series of volcanic eminences, generally indeed covered with rich verdure, but starting out here and there in grey and worn walls fixed at a regular slope, and breaking away into masses more and more rugged towards Vesuvius, till the eye gets thoroughly habituated to their fortress-like outlines. Throughout the whole of this broken country, and on the summits of these volcanic cones rise innumerable villas, but they do not offend us as we should have expected, by their attestation of cheerfulness of life amidst the wrecks left by destructive operation, nor hurt the eye by non-assimilation with the immediate features of the landscape; but they seem to rise, prepared and adapted for resistance to, and endurance of the circumstances of their position; to be inhabited by beings of energy and force sufficient to decree and to carry on a steady struggle with opposing elements, and of taste and feeling sufficient to proportion the form of the walls even to the clefts in the flanks of the volcano, and to prevent the exaltation and the lightness of transitory life from startling like a mockery the eternal remains of disguised desolation.

We have always considered these circumstances as most remarkable proofs of the perfect dependence of architecture on its situation, and of the utter impossibility of judging of the beauty of any building in the abstract; and we would also lay much stress upon them, as showing with what

boldness the designer may introduce into his building, undisguised, such parts as local circumstances render desirable, for there will invariably be something in the nature of that which causes their necessity which will endow them with beauty.

These, then, are the principal features of the Italian villa, modifications of which, of course, more or less dignified in size, material or decoration, in proportion to the power and possessions of the proprietor, may be considered as composing every building of that class in Italy. A few remarks on their general effect will enable us to conclude the subject.

We have been so long accustomed to see the horizontal lines and simple forms which, as we have observed, still prevail among the Ausonian villas, used with the greatest dexterity, and the noblest effect, in the compositions of Claude, Salvator, and Poussin; and so habituated to consider those compositions as perfect models of the beautiful, as well as the pure in taste, that it is difficult to divest ourselves of prejudice, in the contemplation of the sources from which those masters received their education, their feeling, and their subjects. We would hope, however, and we think it may be proved, that in this case principle assists and encourages prejudice. First, referring only to the gratification afforded to the eye, which we know to depend upon fixed mathematical principles, though those principles are not always developed, it is to be observed, that country is always most beautiful when it is made up of curves, and that one of the chief characters of Ausonian landscape is, the perfection of its curvatures, induced by the gradual undulation of promontories into the plains. In suiting architecture to such a country, that building which least interrupts the curve on which it is placed, will be felt to be most delightful to the eye.

Of correspondence with national character, we have shown that we must not be disappointed, if we find little in the villa. The unfrequency of windows in the body of the building is partly attributed to the climate; but the total exclusion of light from some parts, as the base of the central tower, carries our thoughts back to the ancient system of Italian life, when every man's home had its dark, secret place, the abodes of his worst passions; whose shadows were alone intrusted with the motion of his thoughts; whose walls became the whitened sepulchres of crime; whose echoes were never stirred except by such words as they dared not repeat; * from which the rod of power, or the dagger of passion, came forth invisible; before whose stillness princes grew pale, as their fates were prophesied or fulfilled by the horoscope or the hemlock; and nations, as the whisper of anarchy or of heresy was avenged by the opening of the low doors, through which those who entered returned not.

The mind of the Italian, sweet and smiling in its operations, deep and silent in its emotions, was thus, in some degree, typified by those abodes into which he was wont to retire from the tumult and wrath of life, to cherish or to gratify the passions which its struggles had excited; abodes

* Shelly has caught the feeling finely;—"The house is penetrated to its corners by the peeping insouciance of the day. When the time comes the crickets shall not see me."—*Cenci*.

which now gleam brightly and purely among the azure mountains, and by the sapphire sea, but whose stones are dropped with blood, whose vaults are black with the memory of guilt and grief unpunished and unavenged, and by whose walls the traveller hastens fearfully, when the sun has set, lest he should hear, awakening again through the horror of their chambers, the faint wail of the children of Ugolino, the ominous alarm of Bonatti, or the long low cry of her who perished at Coll-Alto.

ADONIS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PART I.

"L'habit est une partie intégrante de l'homme; il agit sur nos sens, et détermine notre jugement."—*LA BRUYÈRE*.

OUR ancestors, in early days, had what may be called early ways. They were in no respect superior to New Zealanders in a savage state. Civilization has however copied some of their customs, and old ladies who paint their cheeks and necks are not much further advanced than their ancestors, who colored themselves all over, and that not out of vanity.

Strabo says that the people in the West of England shaved their chins, but cherished mustachios, wore black garments, and carried a stick. This description might serve for half the gentlemen who are to be seen in Regent street and Rotten Row during the "season." But I suppose one may take the liberty to doubt that the Cradocks of to-day really resemble so closely as the description would seem to warrant, their progenitors the Caradocks of other times, who "looked like furies," says Strabo, "but were in fact quiet and inoffensive people."

The early Welsh bards, we are told, dressed in sky blue; the modern bards of the million are content to breakfast on it; the British astronomers wore green, which was not indicative of what the color might have stood for—a verdant knowledge of the science. When the Romans planted their conquering eagles on our soil, the old British chieftains resisted them and their fashions. Tacitus says that it was the sons of the chieftains who first adopted the Roman mode; and no doubt the old gentlemen were disgusted when they beheld their unpatriotic young heirs wandering about without their *bracca*, and sporting the tunic before whose presence liberty and trousers has disappeared, but not for ever.

The Saxons brought in their own fashions, and some of these still prevail; the smock-frock, for instance, is the old Saxon tunic without the belt. Such a dress was never known in Ireland nor in Scotland; the Saxons kept for whole centuries to a fixed fashion, as may be seen in any illustrated work on costume. In this respect they were only less tenacious than the Persians, whose garments passed from father to son as long as they could hold together. It would be difficult, I fancy, to persuade any modern young Anglo-Saxon to draw on the *scanc-beorg*, or shank-coverers, of his respected and deceased "governor." It is only the mantles of our Peers that descend hereditarily upon the shoulders of succeeding generations; and some of these mantles look dingy enough to date their origin from the time when Henry III. established Tothill-fields Fair, in order to spite the Londoners. The latter, it will be remembered, were compelled to close their shops for an entire fortnight during the holding of the fair in Westminster; and the man on Tower Hill who wanted to furnish his outward or inward person with the smallest article, was compelled to resort for it to the neighborhood of the Abbey, or to do without till the fair was raised.

The taste of the Anglo-Saxons was rather of a splendid character, but sometimes questionable. A lady with blue hair, for instance, could